

LITERATURE

HISTORY

NATURE

TRAVEL

THE MENTOR



FEBRUARY, 1921.

GREECE OLD AND NEW

THE POWER OF THE NEAR
EAST IN HISTORY AND TODAY

By ARISTIDES PHOUTRIDES

Greek Scholar and Author

BEAUTIFUL GRAVURE PICTURES, reproductions of
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ernment, "The Isle of Death," "Monasteries in the Air,"
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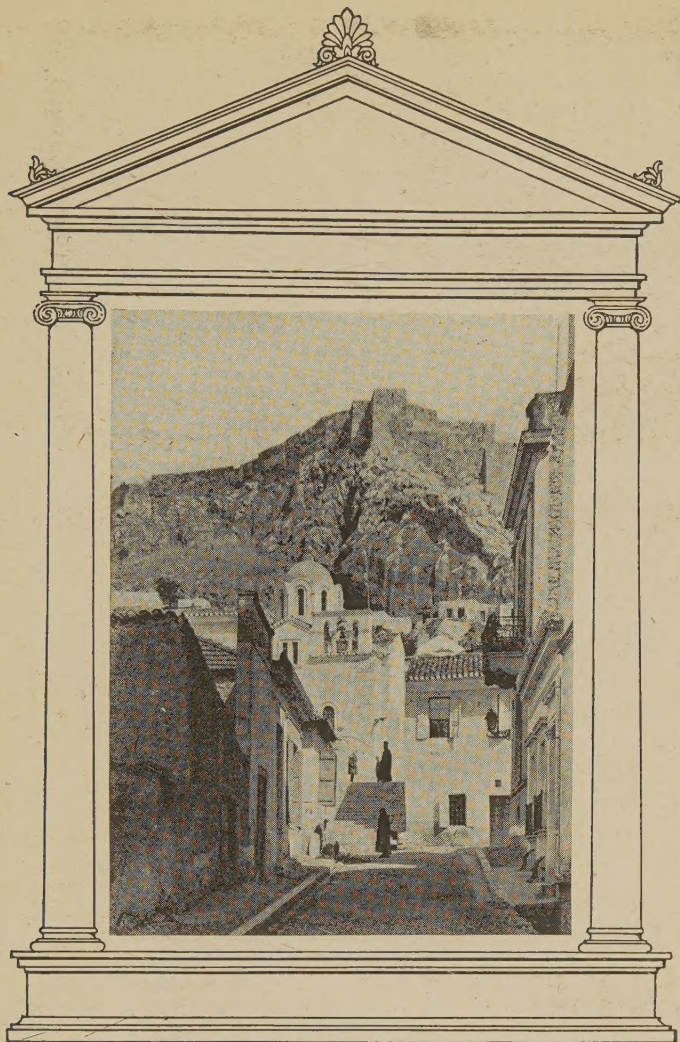
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GREECE OLD AND NEW

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THE RUINED CITADEL OF ANCIENT CORINTH

THE SPRING OF PEIRENE WHICH GUSHED FORTH AT A STROKE OF THE HOOF OF PEGASUS IS STILL FLOWING ON THE TOP OF THE HILL. FOR YEARS THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ATHENS HAS BEEN CONDUCTING EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF OLD CORINTH

THE MENTOR

VOL. 9

SERIAL NUMBER 216 No. 1

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COMMISSION

GREECE OLD AND NEW

By ARISTIDES PHOUTRIDES

Greek Scholar, Author and Traveler

COME with me to a mountain top of Greece where you will be able to gaze with eager eye on wave and hill. I might let you follow some Spartan shepherd up Taygetus from where you could see the amber valleys and lilac mountains of Peloponnesus laugh in the embraces of an amethyst sea. I might climb with you the magnificent buttresses of Parnassus, the mountain of the Nine Fair Sisters of Song and the palace of Apollo, God of brilliant sunlight. I might even ascend the Great Olympus and open to you the sacred path to the blessed peaks where, as they say, is "the seat of the Gods that standeth fast forever."

I have seen these places and I know the way. But I prefer to lead you to the best lookout in Greece—the top

of the Holy Mountain of her people, which is known as Mt. Athos. You will not be allowed to take any cows, or hens, or she-goats or any other

female animals with you; and women are strictly forbidden to tread on this holy ground, which is peopled only by pious ascetic men. Only the birds of the air are able to break the rule of the hermits. They build their nests on every tree and bush, and sing of life and love to the five thousand or more pietists, the whole year round. Like the birds, we will alight on the spot where I stood one beautiful May morn-

ing six years ago, at the highest point of Mt. Athos.

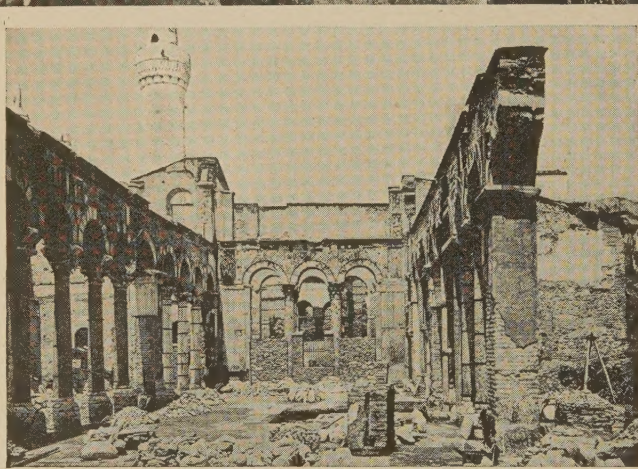
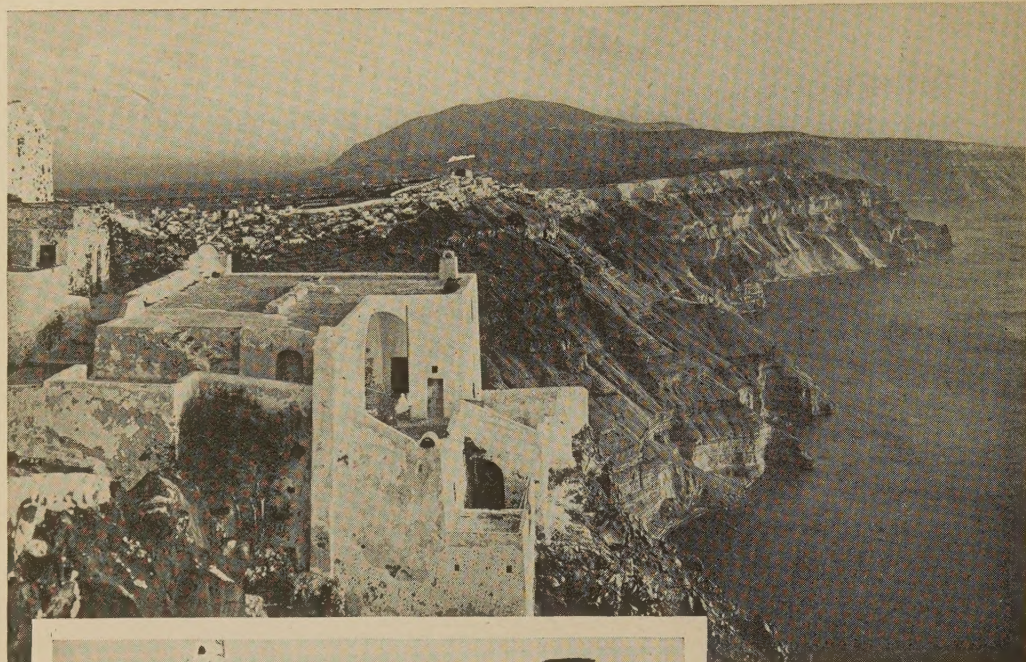
SUMMIT OF MT. ATHOS

At that time I had climbed the mountain in splendid moonlight. I had started from a small hermitage



PERICLES

STATESMAN AND PATRON OF
THE ARTS IN THE GOLDEN
AGE OF GREECE (495-429 B. C.)



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. DEMETRIUS, SALONIKI

SANTORIN, ISLAND OF THERA

gowns of the priests flapped and spread like wings striving to lift their burden of earth skyward. Down below we could get glimpses of the sea, sprinkled with silver and gold petals, over which veil after veil of cloud and wind passed like great rippling

at the foot of the mountain at 1:30 A. M. with a number of pilgrim priests and monks, who were to celebrate mass in the little shrine of the Transfiguration on the top. I shall never forget that mystic ascent. The moon was shining through the weather-beaten oaks and firs which shook and trembled at the blasts of a furious northwester; and, in the shadow-dappled moonlight, the black

shadows fleeting southward and carrying the roar of the waves far beyond our hearing. Above us only the brightest stars were seen, pale and humble in the silver pastures of the moon.

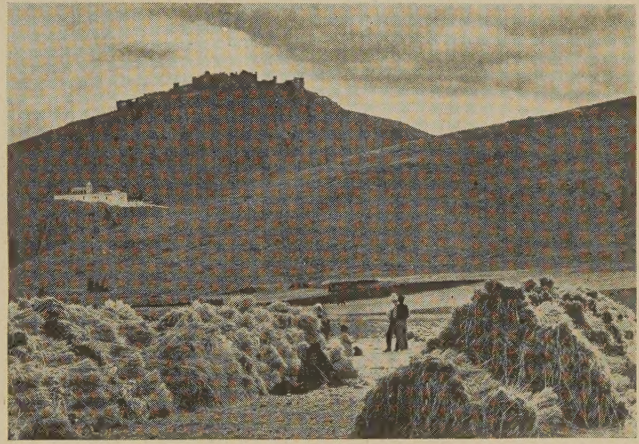
Then, as dawn leaped over the eastern sea in a flurry of saffron and crimson and pink, clouds, all colors of the rainbow, were driven like illuminated ships with sweeping velocity



ON LAKE JANINA, EPIRUS

cross the sky, and about us; the earth donned a glorious garment studded with thousands of flowers that danced and laughed at the whistle of the wind, and filled the air with fragrance. In the distance there were delicately drawn silhouettes of pine-groves against brilliant curtains of colored light, and at last, the glorious head of Athos eighteen hundred and thirty-five meters above the sea, where he watched day after day the sun ride over him from the rosy fields of the East to the farthestmost ebony shadows of the west.

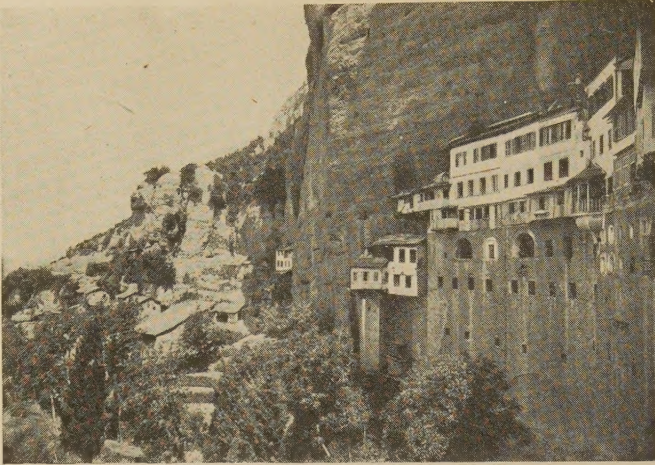
A view of Greece, indeed, unsurpassed by any Grecian vista. Where-



ARGOS AND ITS ANCIENT FORTRESS

ever I turned, memories rose like hosts of sunlit phantoms across the gulf of three thousand years, dancing on every wave and singing on every hill.

The Aegean Sea glistened in the sun. It was a land-loving sea, for it wove garlands of sparkling blue about a legion of islands, and cut bay after bay and gulf after gulf along the coasts, till the mainland looked like



A MONASTERY BUILT INTO
ROCK
THERE ARE MANY SUCH RE-
TREATS IN GREECE AND ITS
ISLANDS

LOOKING ACROSS THE HAR-
BOR OF PIRAEUS
THE PORT OF ATHENS AND ONE
OF THE MOST PROSPEROUS
CITIES OF THE EASTERN MEDI-
TERRANEAN

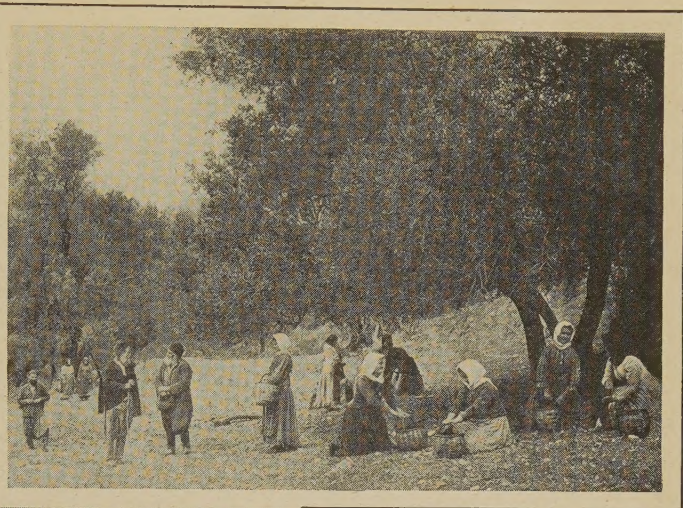
tatters of lovely raiment floating on a lovelier sea. And what islands and what coasts! In the Far East there was Asia Minor and the plain of Troy where Achilles and Hector fell to make Homer sing. To the northeast, under an enhancing veil of shining mist, there were chains of blue hills—Thrace, the land of mystic cults, where Orpheus with his harmonies tamed the wild beasts of the jungle and made the trees dance; and where the youthful God of Wine, Dionysus, first landed from the east, bringing with him the divine fruit of the grape-vine and the double song of sorrow and joy which developed into the drama and filled the world with the rituals of the temple and the lessons of the stage. To the north and northwest there rose range after range, the wild and purple-crested mountains of Macedonia, birthplace of Alexander and a constant battleground for Grecian freedom. Then, to the west, a resplendent palace of all the colors of the amethyst was set in



fields and tresses of white snow against a limpid sky, a mountain with many peaks and buttresses, laved by the sea and crowned with pearl clouds, Mt. Olympus, the fit abode of immortals. Farther southwest the summits of Ossa and Pelion, and hosts of other mountain lords, spoke of the glories of the vail of Tempe and of Thermopylae.

To the south, like brilliant diamonds floating on a magic sea, there were the islands of Thasos, Samothrace, Imbros, Lemnos, Lesbos and the lovely garland of the Sporades. And at my feet the waters embraced the peninsula of Chaleidice, which leaped like a huge trident from the mainland into the sea, and formed a magnificent balcony for mortals to come and gaze on immortal sights. The peninsula of

THESE PEASANTS ARE GATHERING OLIVES IN THE ISLAND OF CRETE



PRIEST AND HIS PARISHIONERS
ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH IN
THE GREEK HIGHLANDS



this sea have clung to their inheritance with tenacious loyalty against all invasions. Their past is a continuous struggle for freedom. Everybody has heard of Marathon, Sala-

mis and Thermopylae; but few know of the subsequent storms that swept over Greece from north and south and east and west, threatening to extinguish its inheritance and its life. Yet the Greek people lived through the centuries of continuous struggle; they assimilated the Roman conquerors and made the Eastern Empire a Greek Empire with Constantinople as its capital which, for a thousand years after the fall of Rome, stood impregnable against the northern and eastern barbarians. Then the Turks came and they swept like a pestilence over the whole land. Constantinople fell in 1453 and the Greeks underwent, for four centuries, one of the most cruel tyrannies in the history of the world. People had begun to think that Greece was a thing of the past. They could only see a destitute race

THE PEOPLE

Three thousand years have made the Aegean a Greek Sea. The Greek people who since the dawn of history have lived on the lands encircling

mis and Thermopylae; but few know of the subsequent storms that swept over Greece from north and south and east and west, threatening to extinguish its inheritance and its life. Yet the Greek people lived through the centuries of continuous struggle; they assimilated the Roman conquerors and made the Eastern Empire a Greek Empire with Constantinople as its capital which, for a thousand years after the fall of Rome, stood impregnable against the northern and eastern barbarians. Then the Turks came and they swept like a pestilence over the whole land. Constantinople fell in 1453 and the Greeks underwent, for four centuries, one of the most cruel tyrannies in the history of the world. People had begun to think that Greece was a thing of the past. They could only see a destitute race



SMYRNA
ON A
SUNNY DAY

of slaves tormented and suppressed by ruthless tyrants who thrived on rapine and blood.

Yet there was a living soul among

the ruins, and the slave in chains was only waiting for the day when he would rise to claim his own inheritance. The dream of freedom was



THE
AQUEDUCT
AT
SMYRNA

Fostered in the home and in the church. Under the veil of religion, national history and traditions were handed from generation to generation, linking the toiling slaves with the heroes of Thermopylae. In village festivals, in innocent dances and songs, and above all, in fairy tales



THERE ARE MANY HARBORS
LIKE THIS—
AMORGAS, KATAPOLIS

WHERE ULYSSES WAS SHIP-
WRECKED, MODERN PALAR-
ASTRITSA, ISLAND OF CORFU



VILLAGE LIFE IN ARCADIA



ing Constantinople against the final attack of the Turks, May 29, 1453. After a long siege the city was taken by the enemy. The Greek people continued to believe that Constantine was living for the great day of delivery.

A MOTHER'S TALE

told by the fireside, the fire of patriotism was passed by the mother to her children just as the ancient Spartan women handed to their warriors their shields with the command that they should come back with honor or die. I will tell you one of these apparently innocent stories which, through four hundred years, murmured like impotent waves about the rock of tyranny. According to history, the last of the Byzantine emperors, Constantine XI, fell by an unknown hand while he was defend-

I remember distinctly the hour when my mother told this story to us—a group of children gathered about the fire one winter night. My native island was still under the Turks, but, as far as I can remember, never did any of the people among whom I grew up doubt that some day we would be free. So, when mother spoke, we were all alive to the significance of the tale.

"My children," she said, "when the hour came that the city—Constanti-

THROUGH THIS MYSTERIOUS
VALE FLOWS THE SACRED
RIVER STYX

THE ANCIENT ARTS OF SPIN-
NING AND WEAVING ARE
STILL PRACTICED IN GREEK
COTTAGES



people—should fall into the hands of the Turks, and the Turks entered it, word was sent to the King and he quickly mounted his horse and rushed to the place to push them back. There was a great multitude of armed men, all Turks. Thousands surrounded him and he struck and killed many with his sword. Then his horse was slain and the King fell. An Arab lifted his sword to strike him, but an angel of the Lord seized the King and led him into a cave deep below the walls of the city near the Golden Gate. There, changed to marble, abides the King and waits for the hour when the angel shall come to wake him. The Turks know, but they cannot find the cave where the King is. For this reason they have built



IN THE FERTILE FIELDS OF THESSALY

in the gate through which they know the King must enter to take the city from them. When it is the will of God, the angel will descend into the cave, and will give life to the marble, and will hand to the king the sword which he had in the battle. And the King will rise, and will enter the city through the Golden Gate, and will lead his armies against the Turks, and will chase them as far east as the Red Apple Tree. And there will be such great slaughter that the cattle will swim in blood over the fields."



THE DANCE — THEN AND NOW

ANCIENT GREEKS DANCING, AS SHOWN BY A TEMPLE FRIEZE, AND MODERN GREEKS IN A PEASANT FROLIC

THE WAVE OF FREEDOM

This was the spirit that compelled the Greeks to rise against their tyrants in many unsuccessful revolutions until 1821 when the War of Independence broke out, which lasted for nearly ten years before the southern corner and a few of the islands could be liberated—a heap of ruins and devastated fields, with about seven hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, uneducated and destitute, clothed in rags, hardened by the agonies of a long struggle against unprincipled barbarians, and ignorant of the works of peace. They were to constitute a free state amidst smoke and ashes and to start their independent life with a colossal responsibility on their shoulders, for the fate of their brothers in Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia, Thrace and Asia Minor who had been left to the mercy of the Turks. But the soul of freedom lived and the last ninety years—which form the entire life

of liberated Greece—are a period of remarkable development and achievement. The wave of freedom moved from Athens northward and eastward. First Thessaly and a slice of Epirus joined their motherland in 1881. Then came the Balkan Wars of 1912 which led to the liberation of the greater part of Epirus and Macedonia; and, finally the Great War, which has brought to Greece Thrace, and the majority of her children in Asia Minor, by the creation of an autonomous territory including a large part of Smyrna, under Greek administration. This is the 467th year after the fall of Constantinople. The dream of freedom had to go through a long trial, but it lived because its roots were deep in the hearts of the people and were fed with the memories of three thousand years. At last the Greek people

have reached the fulfillment of this dream and they are again one united nation conscious of its past and master of its future.



A GREEK BATTLESHIP IN THE HARBOR OF SMYRNA
PURCHASED FROM THE UNITED STATES IN 1914



ISLANDS IN THE AIR

FIFTEENTH CENTURY PRIESTS AND PATRIOTS KNEW WELL THE VALUE OF AERIAL DEFENSES. THESSALY IS DOTTED WITH MONASTERIES, LIKE THE ONE ABOVE, PERCHED ON THE CRESTS OF PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS



THE ORIGINAL GARDEN OF THE GODS
MT. OLYMPUS, WHERE THE ANCIENT GREEKS BELIEVED THE GODS LIVED



GREECE TODAY
SHEPHERD AND FLOCK IN AN OLIVE GROVE ON THE ISLE OF CORFU







THE CITY AND CITADEL OF AMORGOS, MOST EASTERN OF THE GROUP OF GREEK ISLANDS KNOWN AS THE CYCLADES.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN-HATER
HERE LIVED THE POET SEIMONIDES, HATER OF WOMANKIND





THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE WEST
THE ACROPOLIS AT SUNSET

ONE OF THE FIGURES
ERECTHEUM.

THE CROWN OF ATHENS—Wars, weather and the assaults of vandals, since the birth of Christ, have failed to dim altogether the glories of the Acropolis at Athens; its buildings stand today the model for architects. Acropolis means “High Ground.” Most of the cities



THE PARTHENON, TEMPLE OF ATHENA, BUILT 447 B. C.

THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE SOUTH

ROOF OF THE
ACROPOLIS

The ancient world were built around an acropolis which was fortress, community center, religious ground in one. The Acropolis at Athens was the most beautiful and extensive Greece. In the early '80's, three archaeologists uncovered the Acropolis, the most complete of its kind recorded thus far by scientists. Relics of great scientific value were found.



WHERE "VENUS DE MILO" WAS FOUND

THE ISLAND OF MELOS OR MILO. ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THE STATUE, PROBABLY THE MOST FAMOUS OF ANCIENT ART TREASURES EXHUMED IN MODERN TIMES, WAS FOUND ON THIS ISLAND





MOUNTAINS OF LIGHT

LIACOURA, OR "RANGE OF LIGHT" FROM ACROSS THE GULF OF CORINTH. MT. PARNASSUS, AS IT IS KNOWN TO THE WESTERN WORLD, WAS HELD BY THE ANCIENT GREEKS TO BE THE HOME OF APOLLO, THE SUN GOD AND THE NINE MUSES, GODDESSES OF THE ARTS



THE CITY WHERE ST. PAUL PREACHED

A VIEW OF SALONIKI, ONCE AGAIN PART OF GREECE. THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE, IN THE BACKGROUND, IS THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN BUILDING IN THE CITY. IT WAS USED BY THE TURKS AS A MOSQUE UNTIL THE RESTORATION OF THE CITY TO THE GREEKS AFTER THE WORLD WAR.



ONCE THE WONDER OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE PALACE OF THE KING OF CNOSSOS, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF AN ISLAND EMPIRE WHICH SPREAD OVER THE AEGEAN SEA, IN 2400 B. C.





VEILED FROM THE EYES OF MORTALS

MISTS AND SNOW OBSCURE THE SUMMIT OF MT. OLYMPUS, THE HOME OF
THE GODS, ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT GREEK MYTHS

THE STORY OF ATHENS

WHEN King Otto, in 1834, decided to transfer the capital of New Greece from Nauplia to Athens, he could not find a comfortable building to live in. Long

years of Turkish misrule had reduced the glorious city to a village. Today the city numbers more than two hundred thousand inhabitants and her buildings, with their marble façades and decorations, have an appearance of dignified beauty worthy of her great history. Athene, goddess of arts, knowledge, sciences and righteousness, whose war is the patron of the capital of the kingdom. The city is situated about halfway between the Saronic Gulf and the harbor of Piræus—the port of Athens—four and a half miles distant. Modern Athens lies mainly between the north side of the Acropolis and the hill of Lycabettus to the northeast. The streets of Aeolus and Hermes run from north to south and from east to west and, crossing each other at right angles at the center of the city, divide it into four parts.

The site of ancient Athens, at the base of the Acropolis, is interesting for its crooked old streets and brooding houses. Outside this inner core of the city is the Neapolis, the new city. The two most important public squares are the "Constitution" in front of the Palace, surrounded by the best hotels of the city, and the "Concord" near the Piræus station. Stadium Street runs between the two squares. Towards the cool of the day the Athenians throng the

open spaces, or sit at the numerous small tables which fill the sidewalks outside the coffee-houses. Here, over the fragrant cups, they discuss the news of the day, from politics to romance.

In the modern quarter are the chief offices of the Government and city, and the buildings of the National University. Nearly three thousand students are enrolled in its various departments. One of the most interesting institutions in the city is the American School of Classical Studies, supported by American universities and societies devoted to research.

There is a lovely promenade past the palace, under the pepper trees of Queen Amalia Street, to the beautiful park that surrounds the Zappeion, or Exhibition Hall.

This is a place especially famed

for its sunset view. At the dying of the day, splendid colors play a symphony for the eyes, from the violet slopes of Mount Hymettus to the blue silver of the sea. High above, the rose-colored Acropolis raises its marble songs of the Erechtheum and of the Parthenon into a sky drunk with gold and crimson and blue. Nearby, the stream-bed of Illissus winds toward the sea, past the group of columns marking the site of the temple of Zeus, the god of gods. On such a spot a traveler might, in Milton's words:

"behold

*Where on the Aegean shore a city stands
Built nobly; pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the Eye of Greece, Mother of Art
And Eloquence."*



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS
BUILT LARGELY BY THE MUNIFICENCE OF A GREEK MERCHANT

THE BRIDGE OF ARTA

THE bridge of eight arches over the river of Arta, the ancient Arachthus, dates as far back as the Roman period. It has become famous in popular legends and songs that have spread far and wide, not only among the Greeks but also among the Albanians, Rumanians, Serbians and Bulgarians.

According to one song, "forty masters and sixty apprentices were trying to lay the foundations of a bridge over Arta's river. But what they built in day time was swept away in the evening and they were mourning over their lost efforts when a bird passing by spoke and said:

*"With human sacrifice alone a bridge will stand;
Offer no orphan, stranger or a passerby, —
But the first master's wife, the beautiful and young,
Who comes late morning and in early afternoon."*

The first master heard this and was very sad. He sent his fair mate a message with a nightingale "late to change and late to dress and late to come in the afternoon and late to cross the bridge of Arta." But the bird delivered a wrong message and told the master's wife "quick to change and quick to dress and quick to come in the afternoon and quick to cross the

bridge of Arta."—all of which she did.

The beautiful wife came to the bridge where the masters and their apprentices waited for her:

"Health to you, masters, and to you, their men; but tell me what makes your first master look so sad?"

"He lost his wedding ring that fell from the first arch, and there is none who would go in to look for it."

"Then, master mine, be of good cheer, for I will go into the stream and find your wedding ring."

They lowered her into the river with a chain and there she searched in vain. She called on the men to pull her back but in answer the men stoned her to death. The fair victim was even too good to curse them. First she said:

"Oh may the bridge shake like the leaves of walnut trees; and all who cross it fall from it like leaves."

But then she thought of her brother in the foreign lands who might return the same way and she changed her curse into a blessing:

"Oh may the bridge shake only when the mountains shake. And those who cross it fall only when the wild birds fall."



FAMOUS IN SONG AND STORY; THE ANCIENT BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER ARTA

WHAT WE OWE TO GREECE

THE Greeks first taught the world to adore beauty. They created Art. They idealized common things—"spiritualized the earth." Most of all, we feel Greek influence in the decoration of objects that combine the uses of life with an appreciation of grace and good looks.

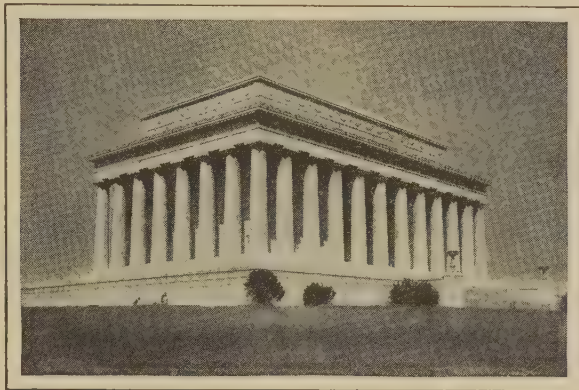
"First comes health," says an old Greek proverb, "second personal beauty, then health honestly gained by." Aristotle set wisdom above all else, but believed no man could be happy or live his best if he was surrounded by ugliness.

The artists of ancient Greece were the first to interpret the emotions and deeds of brave men, the charm of women, the skill of runners and wrestlers—the joy of life and the inspiration of lofty thoughts. Always they extolled the noble, never the base or morbid. Praxiteles and Phidias were the foremost sculptors of Greece. From them our modern artists learn harmony in design, the perfection of limb and line.

The portrayal of allegorical subjects—Justice, Law, Humanity, Charity,—a specialty of Greek painters, affected early Italian schools, and, indirectly, the best modern schools. The popular painters, Frederick Leighton and Alma-Tadema, acknowledged their debt to Greek life and legend. Leighton, painter of the well-known pictures, "Tears," "Greek Girls Playing Ball," "Psyche," and "The Race," once said to a friend that all he was as an artist he owed to the study of Greek sculpture and literature. No painter or sculptor without respect for his craft omits to furnish his studio with casts of Greek statuary. Art schools and museums exhibit Greek figures, busts and architectural models, as examples of classic elegance and symmetry. There is scarcely a city in Europe or America but boasts a public building,—a

library, railway station, church, stadium, post office—that reflects the strength and simplicity of Greek architecture. The typical Greek temple and outdoor theater are models for similar structures the world over. The recently completed memorial

to Lincoln in Washington is a most inspiring example of the use present-day builders have made of the Greek colonnade, frieze and windowless hall. It was the Greeks that gave us the domed or circular edifice that rises above the tombs of illustrious dead, for instance, the Pantheon and the Invalides (Tomb



Designed by Henry Bacon

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A NOTABLE PRESENT-DAY EXAMPLE OF GREEK INFLUENCE IN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

of Napoleon), Paris, the circular mausoleum erected by Queen Victoria for her consort, near Windsor Castle, and Grant's Tomb, New York.

In "Paradise Lost" we plainly see the influence of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and other Greek epics. The mantle of Milton, the master, has fallen on all English-writing poets. A Greek poet furnished Goethe with the opening scene of "Faust." To Callimachus, a Greek author of renown, is attributed the first love story of the modern type, all about a poor youth and a beauteous maiden, ambitious parents, and a rich rival. When Shakespeare read Plutarch's "Lives" he resolved to take these biographies for characters in his historical plays. In "Antony and Cleopatra" he gives us straight Plutarch in play form.

All Greek plays were recited in musical accents. It was in the Greek theater that Wagner found the idea and the form from which he developed his great music dramas. "The Greeks were the first people to be free in intellect, free in art, and free in politics. It is the fortune of ancient Greece to have thought and wrought for the world.

—Clement King

THE FIRST MARATHON RUNNER

SOME time ago one of our readers asked, "Who was Pheidippides?" and we answered in the Service Page of last month's *Mentor*, by saying that he was a sort of "Paul Revere of ancient Greece." There was much more that we could have told had space permitted. As a matter of fact, if all that we read about Pheidippides be true, we would set him high among the young heroes of ancient times—place a laurel wreath upon his brow, and hail him not only as the Athenian Paul Revere, but also the first Marathon Runner. Now that we have the space, let us also have the story in full, as we get it from history, legend—and the poet, Browning. It is a story that has to be picked up in parts and pieced together.

To begin with, we are not sure about the young athlete's name. The Greek historian, Herodotus, who was the first to tell us about Pheidippides, also called him Philip-pides. There was no doubt, however, in the historian's mind about the race that Pheidippides ran. He "carried the message to Sparta"—and made record time doing it.

It was a day of dire need for Athens. Persia had threatened Greece, and was on her very shores. When the Greek generals heard that their old enemy, the dreaded Persian, had encamped on the plain of Marathon, they determined to send a courier to Sparta to beg for aid. There was no time to spare, for Sparta was nearly 140 miles distant from Athens. Pheidippides, a young Athenian, and, by birth and practice, a trained "express runner," was chosen for the task. At the order of Miltiades, the great Greek general, Pheidippides set off on the instant, and reached Sparta on the very next day after leaving Athens. On arriving at Sparta, he went before the rulers and besought them to hasten aid to

Athens. The Spartans said that they would like to help, but they "could not break the law that forbade their marching into battle except under the full moon." Beneath this veil of superstition, however, there lay a sterner reason for Sparta's withholding assistance—a long-felt, deep-seated jealousy of Athens. No promise was forthcoming, so Pheidippides had to make his homeward run with a heavy heart. On the way he was stopped by the great god Pan, who greeted him with the cheering promise of victory for the Athenians in the coming battle. This assurance Pheidippides bore home gladly—and with it he brought a sprig of fennel that Pan had given him as a pledge. Then spoke Miltiades, "And thou, best runner of Greece, bearer of this good news, what gift is promised thyself?" Pheidippides answered modestly, "Pan promised that soon I should have to run no more." There was tragic irony in those words of Pan, for, as Browning tells the tale, Pheidippides ran only once again. Soon the Battle of Marathon was fought, the Persians were routed and driven back to the sea. Pheidippides fought in the ranks. When victory was assured, Miltiades called the young man from the fray. "Run, Pheidip-

pides, one race more. Athens is saved, thank Pan, go, shout!" Pheidippides bore the glad tidings to Athens, and fell dying as he gave out the news of victory.

The only thing that mars this wondrous tale is that there is no sufficient historical authority for Browning's assertion that Pheidippides ran his last race from Marathon. An obscure historian gives the Marathon runner the name of Thersippus. But we prefer to rest our faith in Browning, and in the heroic young Athenian

"who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom a god (Pan) loved so well."



GREEK ATHLETE LOOSENING HIS SANDAL
AN ANTIQUE STATUE IN THE LOUVRE

OWN AND OUT; THEN UP TO THE HEIGHTS

HE COULDN'T RUN A STREET CAR, BUT WINS THE NOBEL PRIZE

If you were a passenger on a certain street car line in Chicago, something over thirty years ago, you paid your fare, perchance, to a preoccupied, rather ill-looking man, with blond hair, pale-colored eyes, and features of a Scandinavian type. If you asked him the direction of the car—north or south—he probably didn't know. You were carried by your conductor because the uncouth foreigner on the rear platform was so deep in a pocket volume of Aristotle that he forgot to ring the bell. He didn't know the names of the streets anyway. He admits it. As a conductor, he was a first class failure, and was promptly discharged. If any of these things happened to you on the old Halstead Street or Cottage Avenue line, know that your absent-minded conductor was the one-to-be-famous Knut Hamsun, in whose fallow and lay, even then, the seed of genius. Recently, your conductor was awarded the forty-thousand-dollar Nobel Prize for Literature for the year 1919.

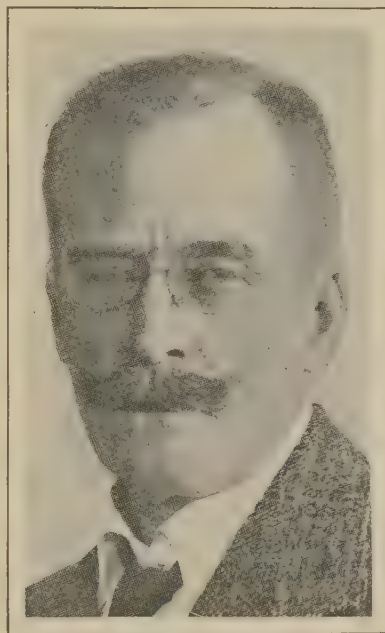
A long and stony path led from the impoverished little farm where the child Knut was born, in 1860, up to the peaks of fame. His path strayed from bleak Norwegian fells to the wheat plains of Dakota; from boyhood of "uneearthly joys and abysmal sorrows" to the ecstasy of accomplishment, wealth and adulation.

As a tiny boy, Knut Hamsun was sent to live with an uncle on an island of the sea where the long Arctic nights bred dreams, and were so provocative. He began to set down his fancies as soon as he was able to write. At seventeen he was working at a cobbler's bench, trying to earn money to print a story and a poem he had composed. A little while afterwards he was in Christiania knocking at the doors of the univer-

sity. But the jobs he got on the docks of the big seaport were insufficient to keep him alive and pay his tuition. Temporarily, he gave up his hope of entering the university, and set out for America. For the next few years he was lumberjack and longshore-

man, farmhand and road mender. But through all the discouragements of poverty and loneliness, he held to his boyhood dream of becoming a writer.

After a second trip to America, Hamsun worked his passage back to Norway. Well schooled by now in the practical university of Hard Knocks, he began again to write. Once he starved for three days; the experience was so impressive that he wrote a brief sketch called "Hunger." He sold it for three dollars and spent the money for bread. Several other attempts to maintain life on an empty stomach gave him the idea of expanding the sketch into a full-length novel. With dramatic irony, it was this tale of hunger that



KNUT HAMSDUN
THE LEADING NORWEGIAN NOVELIST

brought him instant repute, and leisure to write more books amid the peaceful surroundings of his little farm in central Norway.

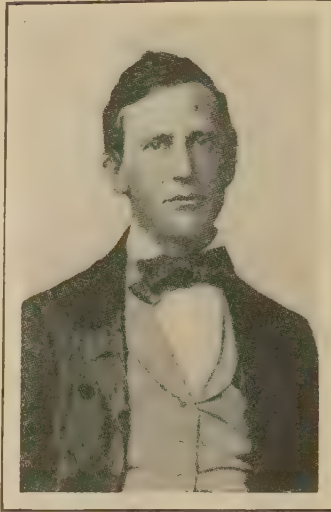
In the university library in Christiania there is a room devoted to works by and about Norway's most popular author. Here are first editions and translations of all his books—novels, plays, essays, poems, and descriptive articles. Four novels of Norwegian life have been translated into English—"Hunger," "Victoria," "Shallow Soil," and "The Growth of the Soil." The last-named appeared in 1918, and this cap-sheaf of Hamsun's labors won him the Nobel prize. In his later stories the Norwegian genius has cast off the melancholy of youth's bitter years and has given us page on page lyric with the beauty of the woods and the life of the peasant in his beloved Northland.—*Sven Thalberg*

THE MOST POPULAR SONG

SUNG THE WORLD OVER IN STREET AND HOME

STEPHEN FOSTER comes to the fore again in a new book that has set the strings of memory all a-strumming. It doesn't take much to start reminiscent echoes from those who recall "the old days when I knew this, that, and the other." Dormant emotions respond quickly to old-time melodies. The new biography of Stephen Foster, by Mr. Harold B. Milligan, seems to have set a-flutter all the slumbering bats in the musical belfry. If we may judge by the echoes of the daily press, we are in for a good hearty revival of folk-song interest. Let us hope that the gentle voice of memory will call us back to a full appreciation of the musical treasures that we have in "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Dog Tray," "Old Uncle Ned," and all the other "Old" sweet songs.

As a little boy, America's premier balladist used to cause distress to his family by practising tunes on his flageolet and guitar instead of studying his school lessons. He began to write songs for a group of young people that used to assemble weekly at his father's Pittsburgh home, "The White House." The first of these improvised songs, "Louisiana Belle" and "Old Uncle Ned," were so much admired by a Mr. Peters of Cincinnati that the young composer presented both of them to him. Later he gave him the manuscript of "Oh, Susannah." From these three songs



By courtesy of G. Schirmer

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
FROM A DAGUERRETYPE MADE WHEN
HE WAS 33 YEARS OLD

the publisher made \$10,000—Stephen Foster not a cent!

Foster wrote one hundred and seventy songs. Morrison Foster, a brother, tells a delightful story about the one that is most beloved and widely sung—"The Old Folks at Home." Stephen had written out the words—he usually wrote both words and music—but he was dissatisfied with the name of the river referred to in the second line. The first draft of the verses is now treasured by Foster's granddaughter, custodian of the Foster Memorial Homestead, in Pittsburgh. It was entitled "Way down upon de old plantation," and began:

*'Way down upon de Pedee ribber,
Far, far away.
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha my brudders play.*

After he had composed the verses, he happened into his brother Morrison's office and said he wished someone would give him a better name for that river. "What Southern stream do you suggest instead of 'Pedee'?"

Morrison offered "Yazoo," which Stephen thought wouldn't do. "Well, let's consult an atlas," said Morrison, who had a practical mind. On a map of Florida, way down at the tip, they found a little river called "Swanee." "That's it, that's it exactly," cried Stephen, and went home and re-wrote the verses that have become familiar to later generations. Within a few years of its publica-



By courtesy of G. Schirmer

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME
RESIDENCE OF JUDGE JOHN ROWAN, BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.
JUDGE ROWAN WAS A RELATIVE OF THE FOSTER FAMILY,
AND STEPHEN USED TO VISIT THERE AS A YOUNG MAN

half a million copies of "Old Folks" were... It is said to be the most extensively translated song ever written. Travelers in remote parts of Asia and Africa report having heard native tribesmen singing their own

songs to Foster's emotional melody. "Aside from one or two national airs, none of great value, this," says Mr. Millington, "is probably the most widely known, loved song ever written." Crisply, the famous minstrel, was the first to sing the song, and was handsomely paid a fee of \$500 for the privilege.

Although his most popular compositions consisted of the "Swing Song," Foster never lived below the Mason Dixon line, made only occasional pleasure trips there on a

steamboat belonging to a brother. He was born in Pittsburgh on the day Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died, July 4, 1826. He married in 1850 a wife out of sympathy with his dreamy, impractical nature. His life with her was bitterly unhappy, and he drifted to New York. His liabilities, which now amounted to \$1,500 and more, were sent back home to his wife and daughter. The descent of Stephen Foster, man of a thousand heart-stirring melodies, was a tragedy that, seemingly, no power could avert. He became a vagabond of the city streets, friendless, drunken, destitute, living in cellar rooms and reputable attic lodgings.

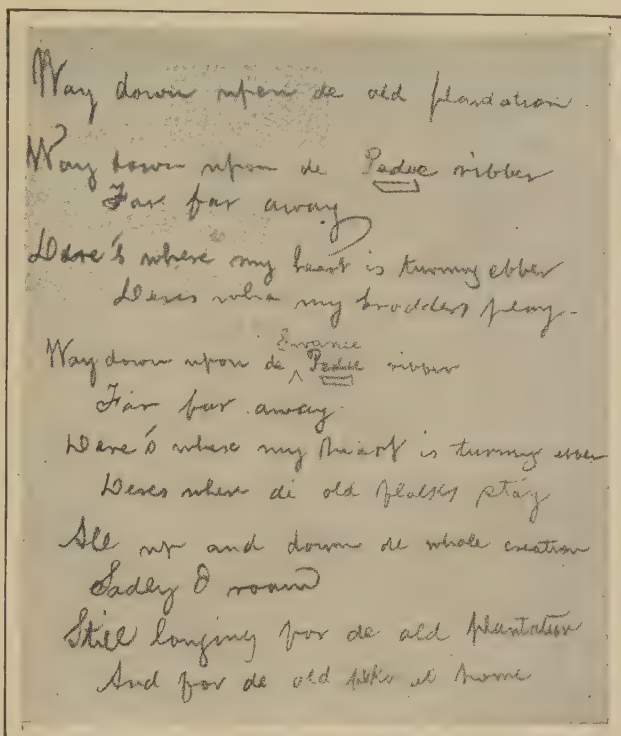
It was at this period of his life that he passed one day into a store on Broadway, sitting at a piano, won from the keys a wistful pleading tune, "Come where my

love lies dreaming." A gentleman present offered him five dollars for the rights to the song, and he accepted it gratefully.

The climax of the tragedy was Foster's death in a public ward at Bellevue Hospital, New York. He was entered on the records as a "laborer"... The fruit of his labors is a sheaf of folk songs that will forever ring in our hearts.

The grave of Stephen Foster, "finder of many melodies," is visited by an occasional pilgrim to a hillside cemetery in Allegheny, across the river from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. As a composer, he had but mediocre talent, without a sound basis of musical education. It may be doubted, however, "whether greater technical facility would have im-

proved his music or achieved for him a greater name in history. Stephen Foster touched but one chord in the gamut of human emotions, but he sounded that strain supremely well. His song is of that nostalgia of the soul which is inborn and instinctive to all humanity, a homesickness unaffected by time or space. From the unpromising soil in which he grew, he was able to distill by some strange alchemy of the soul a sweet magic of melody that won him immortality far beyond his dreaming. Foster occupied a unique position in the history of music. No other single individual produced so many of those songs which are called 'folk songs,'—songs that so perfectly express the mood and spirit of the people that they become a part of the life of the 'folk,' and speak as the voice, not of an individual, but of all."



By courtesy of G. Schirmer

THE FIRST VERSION OF "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME"
AS FOSTER WROTE IT DOWN IN HIS MANUSCRIPT BOOK, IN 1851. NOTE THE CHANGE OF THE RIVER'S NAME IN THE SECOND VERSE. THE TITLE ORIGINALLY CHOSEN WAS "WAY DOWN UPON DE OLD PLANTATION"

SNOW, AN ASSET OR LIABILITY?

THE average city dweller regards snow as a nuisance. It interrupts transportation, and interferes with wire communication; it makes automobiling impossible, so that we are reduced to the necessity, so humiliating to some of us,—of walking, and of wearing cumbersome rubbers or boots. It adds to the tax-payers' burdens when it has to be removed from city streets. In New York, Chicago and Boston the cost of snow removal amounts to millions of dollars every winter. Last February's snow cost New York city for removal alone over two million dollars. During the whole winter there were 11,207,403 cubic yards of snow removed from the streets of New York, at a total cost of \$6,000,000.

Over 45 inches of snow fell, and the winter is recorded as the most severe in fifty years.

When deep snow melts rapidly it, occasionally, causes floods, particularly on those occasions when the ground is frozen and can therefore absorb only a small portion of the water resulting from the melting of the snow.

MORE ASSET THAN LIABILITY

But in spite of all these things snow is more of an asset than a liability.

You have suffered so from snow that you don't agree with me? Suppose you disregard personal inconvenience for a minute and consider the benefits, by and large, derived from snow. Logging and lumbering, as well as the transportation of bulky and weighty quantities of grain, wood, coal and ice could not be accomplished easily without snow. Transportation

by sled is easier than by wagon, as there is smaller loss of energy due to friction, and to wear and tear. A snow cover prevents the occurrence of prairie fires. Forest fires are least likely in midwinter, for

the same reason. Snowflakes make the air pure and wholesome by removing microbes, soot and dust particles from the air through which they fall.

Snow accumulates to great depths in the western mountains every winter, and through pressure and alternate melting and freezing soon solidifies the ice. As the latter slowly melts during the spring and summer it forms the only available water supply for the great hydroelectric power plants and for irrigation, without which the West would still

be an arid and abandoned desert. But the most valuable feature associated with snow is that of its value to agriculture.

A PROTECTIVE COVERING

As a protective covering snow serves much like leaves or straw, only in a lesser degree. Loosely packed snow, containing much air mixed with it, serves as an excellent blanket to protect submerged vegetation from frost and extreme cold. It checks the loss of heat from the ground through conduction

or radiation, and prevents evaporation from the soil. It permits the penetration of some light, thus making slow growth possible. Snow has aptly been called "poor man's manure," for the reason that melting snow moistens the soil gently and gradually, without compacting the surface soil, and most of the moisture



AN ALLEY THROUGH SNOW TEN FEET DEEP
WINTER LIFE IN A FAR WESTERN TOWN



A NEW YORK CITY WINTER
AT TIMES TOO MUCH EVEN FOR A TANK



ALL UNDER BUT THE HOUSE TOPS
SNOW-BOUND IN THE NORTHWEST

absorbed by the subsoil. Every farmer observed that a good hay crop follows a year of abundant snow. "A snow year, a year," says one proverb. The success of winter wheat is largely dependent upon adequate snow cover.

Besides acting as a protective cover against temperature extremes, wind and evaporation, snow permits the penetration of some light and the respiration of plant tissue; it supplies the necessary winter moisture, and prevents tearing and the heaving out of roots by alternate freezing and thawing. Kansas is the leading winter wheat-growing state because it usually gets enough snow each winter to protect the growing crop. North Dakota, on the other hand, is the leading producer of spring wheat, grows very little winter wheat because there is usually insufficient snow to protect the crop from extremely low temperatures that occur every winter.

From an agricultural point of view, the amount of snow lying on the ground is of considerable significance, much so that the United States Weather Bureau publishes weekly and monthly maps showing the amount of snow-fall. There are also reports giving the normal amount of snow for a given year. This is an important contribution in studying the climatic conditions of agricultural lands.

The biggest work of all performed by snow is the one that is told by the story of the geological ages. Vast accumulations of snow, gathering and piling down ravines, join together and pack into great glaciers that play

a titanic part in Nature's constructive and destructive operations. It is the slow, resistless grinding of glacial action that changes the face of Nature. The strange, beautiful mountain forms of the Yosemite Valley, we are told, have been carved out by the glacial action during centuries. From the base of great glaciers flow forth many streams to fertilize the fields. Some of the greatest works in geological history have been wrought by snow and ice. Soft and white, in its gentlest mood, it is a plaything for children; in its greatest and grimmest aspect it is one of the most formidable and stupendous agencies in Nature.

Take it all in all, snow forms one of our most important natural resources. So, when you have to break a path from your door through two feet of snow remember that what is one man's curse is another man's cure; what is one man's white burden is another man's blessing.

—A. H. Palmer.



WHEN THE SNOW BLANKET COVERS A TOWN
IT MEANS HARD WORK FOR FATHER



BUT THE CHILDREN CALL IT FUN

ANIMAL CAMOUFLAGE

WHY does the tiger wear a striped coat and the chameleon a skin of many colors? Why are the hare's

winter furs pure white, and its summer suit a red-dish brown? Why has the fawn a pelt of mottled hue, and the full-grown deer a mantle of dull leaf-tone? For what purpose do these turncoats don their varying raiment? The answer is simple, and yet it betrays the innermost drama of animal life and habits.

The tiger's stripes are dazzling camouflage, painted by the knowing hand of Nature. When the master hunter stalks his prey in jungle grass and bamboo thicket, his coat, as he seeks to and fro, simulates the come and go of light and shade amid the gloomy verdure. Velvety bands of black parallel the shadows, the gold stripes ape slim shafts of sunlight. The great cat's coloring also serves him when he must exercise his craft and swiftness to evade the cunning of human hunter.

The stripes of the tiger run up and down because he lurks among the tall grasses. Nature, the supreme *camoufleur*, dapples the leopard with contrasting spots, because this pirate of the jungle trail crouches low on the limbs of trees. His gaudy coat, zoologists say, imitates the interrupted sunplay among the leaves.

The garb of a fawn, young and defenseless, is strewn with white spots. It spends its days in the depths of the woods, where the light falls palely and white wild-flowers abound among the fallen leaves. After its antlers grow out

and its slender legs take on their native fleetness, the deer becomes more independent of friendly concealment. The spots fade, the coat turns a uniform brown, and the spreading horns assume the shape of tree branches. There is no better example of Nature's art in camouflage than the deer.

The grouse, or ptarmigan, the weasel and the mountain hare alter their color according to the season. The hair and plumage of these creatures, whose life is spent close to Mother Earth, change with the calendar, from the shade of summer foliage to the white of winter snows. In the case of the weasel, the name changes with the color. A white weasel is rechristened "ermine."

If the skins of my lady's ermine cloak had been taken in summertime, the garment would be a smoky brown, instead of snow-white, and its value and beauty decreased accordingly.

Birds that live on the ground must forswear the vivid plumage of their cousins in the treetops, because—tragic reason—they dwell closer to Man, their enemy.

Someone has called the chameleon "an animated joke." And a most disconcerting jest he sometimes is. He crawls onto a stalk—and disappears in the hues of his

green perch. Lift him to a leaf of brown and white, and he assumes the shades and spots of the background.

From jungle to meadow, from beast to butterfly, the drama of existence goes on, aided by the gentle hand of Nature.

—J. Parker Ross



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History
WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN IN SUMMER PLUMAGE



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History
WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN DRESSED IN ITS WINTER COAT

WHY MONA LISA HAS NO EYEBROWS

One of the women's reading clubs, to which The Mentor is a regular visitor, a lively discussion has been going on concerning the Eyebrows of Mona Lisa. After much argument, the participants in the discussion found that they, like Omar Khayyam, "went out that same door wherein they went"—and so they ended by referring the matter for settlement to The Mentor.

I definitely remember," writes one of the club members, "that I had some years ago at Leonardo da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa' had no eyebrows, and that the reason for it was that, at that period, it was the fashion for ladies to go without eyebrows."

There is no gainsaying. Fashion in any time and place. It has held sway since the beginning of human history. Fashion started with the rib-bone of Adam, and, through all time, according to varying taste and whim, the rules of Fashion have been dictated by the fair and gentle product of that rib-bone. And this is true of men's fashions as well as women's. We are familiar with the old homely lines:

*Said Aaron to Moses,
"Let's cut off our noses;"
Said Moses to Aaron,
"Tis the fashion to wear 'em."*

It was the style for men to wear beards in one generation, and shave clean in another. Any, then, might not woman set a fashion for a period, based on the fancy that a smooth, clear brow is to be preferred?

Our correspondent was intent on getting the light of authority on Mona Lisa's eyebrows. "I do not want," she tells us, "an opinion as to whether the pictures of Mona Lisa 'look' as if they had or had not eyebrows. I have asked numberless persons

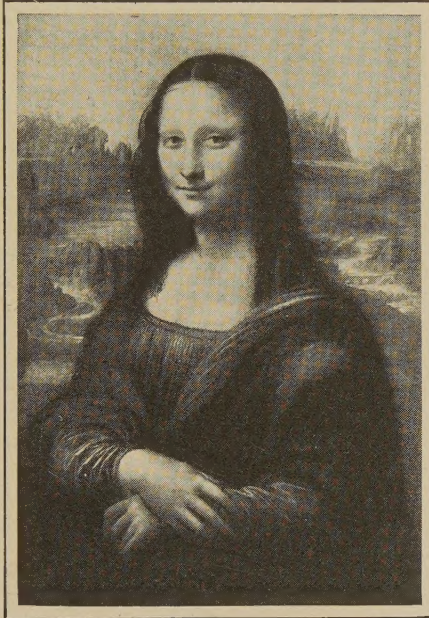
and they all differ in their opinions. I even wrote to several art museums, and all I got was some correspondence in which it was stated that the woman writer *thought* that Mona Lisa *had* eyebrows because she had noticed that the Madonnas of that period

all had eyebrows. Now, a Madonna would, as you well know, have no connection with the styles of the ladies of Florence during the life of Leonardo. I am exceedingly anxious to know positively and with authority what the truth is on the subject."

Interested as much in getting the truth about the matter as in obliging our correspondent, we referred the subject to one of the leading art authorities of the country, an instructor in one of our great universities, and an occasional contributor to The Mentor. From him we got the following interesting information:

"It was undoubtedly a custom of the early

Renaissance time for the ladies to pluck out or cut off their eyebrows. It did not obtain among all classes, but certainly there are many instances in painting and in sculpture showing that the eyebrows, so far as the hair is concerned, have been removed. The young women portrayed by Leonardo da Vinci and his pupils were almost all of them devoid of hairy eyebrows. The people of age, whether men or women, were generally given marked eyebrows. The Mona Lisa at the present time shows no hair upon the eyebrows. I imagine Leonardo preferred the youthful face to show the rounded contour of the brow rather than to have it muffled by a fuzz of hair. Whether Mona Lisa in the life had eyebrows or not no one can say. I have certainly seen many marble busts of the Renaissance period with no suggestion of hair upon the brows."



By Leonardo da Vinci. In the Louvre, Paris

MONA LISA

THE MOST DISCUSSED PICTURE IN THE WORLD

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

Alexander the Great came one day upon Diogenes sitting in his tub—the only quarters that he had. “What can I do for you, Diogenes?” asked Alexander. “Just one thing,” replied the old philosopher. “Get out of my sunlight—that’s all.”

There true independence spoke. When Alexander the Great gave a command, an army of men obeyed; when Diogenes opened his lips the whole world listened and considered his words. The old philosopher neither feared nor respected conquerors. There was nothing that they could do *for* him or *to* him. He had his sunlight, his tub, and his lantern to light him in his search for an honest man. In the common expression of our day, “No one had anything on him.” When he was asked what business he understood best he answered: “How to govern men.”

Diogenes was the Independent Man of ancient times. There is no independence like that of the man of brains who has the power of expression.

Who is the most independent man today?

Not the multimillionaire, burdened with heavy responsibilities; not the prince or king, scarcely more than a palace prisoner; not the leader in legislative halls, often the tool of his party; not even the farmer, who is bound down fast to his land.

The Independent Man of today is the man of brains who can *write*. The man that has things to say that the people want to hear, and knows how to say them, stands four-square to the world, a prophet honored in every land. His pen is his scepter, and he carries it wherever he goes. Conscious of his power, he stands with confidence in the presence of the great. All respect the man to whom the people delight to pay tribute.

The most independent man in the United States in our generation was Mark Twain. He won his independence in early years, and held it through life. He made a fortune, and lost it. What would have been the financial ruin and utter downfall of other men was simply the beginning of a new chapter for him. It merely meant resuming his pen for a time. In the midst

of his fallen fortunes, a millionaire friend said to Mark Twain, “You write, and I will underwrite.” Mark Twain took a trip around the world—told about it in a book—wrote a number of stories, and reestablished himself.

The Independent Man of today is George Bernard Shaw.

Some admire him for his wit, some for his defiance of accepted conditions, some for his radical socialism, and some for his topsy-turvy, paradoxical philosophy. Let the critics discuss the subtleties of his style and his place in literature. We note here his supreme independence. He fears no one and respects no convention. He does his own thinking. When he has anything to say, the people listen. He may say exactly what he thinks without

mincing words, or he may apply an irritant by saying what he *doesn't* think—amusing himself by perplexing and confounding his readers.

If his utterances displease and the cry of “outrageous” rises against him, he bids cheerful defiance in a barrage of glittering epigrams—and the public wonders at him and laughs. So potent is his spell that he can draw a theater full of people, many of whom only half understand him, but all eager to avow their admiration and appreciation of him.

What is the full measure of his independence? We have had it in the last five years. During the period of war stress, when the lips of public men were tight locked, George Bernard Shaw was saying whatever he chose, whenever he chose—often in caustic, cynical criticism that cut straight to the bone.

The man that has a message that interests the world, and knows how to give it words, is the Man of Independence. Rich and prosperous? No, probably not—but free and supremely independent. He has the ear of the world, whether he dwells in the great centers of civilization, or, like Robert Louis Stevenson, in the far off island of Samoa. He is the real “Master of his fate, and Captain of his Soul.”

W. S. Moffat

EDITOR



Discoverers of a New World

HARDLY a year passes that these famous men, Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Henry Ford, Mr. H. S. Firestone and Mr. Thomas A. Edison, do not take a camping trip to the great outdoors to get close to Nature, and forget their business worries.

Nature is one of the subjects that fascinates everyone—yet the average person knows little or nothing about it. The knowledge of any big, vital subject makes it a precious possession. The country about you would be far more interesting if you had a knowledge of the living wild things: could know the birds by name, their habits, their peculiarities: for all the species are different. Many of the birds are rapidly becoming extinct, and it is a duty as well as a joy to know them. A full knowl-

edge of the wild flowers that you see in your walks is an accomplishment more than worth while. The same is true of the trees—while every species of little animal and insect and butterfly lives a life full of wonderful secrets. You can gain an intimate knowledge of the tens of thousands of interesting subjects, and you will enjoy the greatest pleasure in learning about them. The children will read the volumes with pleasure too—they are so delightfully written.

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